

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

France and Germany are well-nigh self-supporting as regards food supplies, and Russia actually has a surplus of them for export. England, on the contrary, depends upon outsiders for a great preponderance of the food she needs.

A Russian count has constructed an electric signal system whereby people who are buried alive may send the glad news to their friends by the ringing of a bell. This is running progress into the ground, remarks the Indianapolis Press.

As an illustration of the great volume of business done during the past year it will be sufficient to state that the total clearings from the Clearing Houses of the United States in 1899 amounted to \$93,400,000,000, against \$68,960,000,000 in 1898.

The Tageblatt, of Berlin, has published a series of articles pointing out the necessity of maintaining and improving commercial relations with America on a friendly basis.

If the British fail in conquering the Boers a republic will be established in South Africa which will include all of the South African States. If the British are successful the whole of South Africa will pass under British control. The issue is, therefore, a great one.

Will some psychologist or pathologist or spiritualist or other investigator kindly answer the following questions: Why is it that many women develop such extraordinary interest in a man accused of murder? Why do they so often buy flowers and betake their hysterical, morbid selves to the prisoner's cell?

In war and in peace the sick and mortality record of the United States Navy shows little difference. The Surgeon-General of the Navy reports that the ratio of admission on the sick list in 1898, embracing the operations of the war, was 871.69 per thousand as compared with 838.53 per thousand in 1895, when peace prevailed.

It is being suggested more and more pointedly in these days of the development of the art of war that the Victoria Cross has come to be too much of an institution to serve its best purposes. Other means of rewarding and honoring brave soldiers might be devised to replace it without detracting in the least from the incentives which war and its glories offer to the individual soldier.

If the future of inventions for locomotion is almost without limit, there is also a future for the horse. It is not unreasonable to expect that wise breeding may make general qualities of which we have ourselves seen examples, for all of us have known horses that combined ambition and high life with a sense and kindness which were almost a complete guarantee of safety and which won for them the grateful affection of the men they served.

"Puerto Rico" it is to be hereafter, the decision of the Board of Geographical Names to that effect having been affirmed by President McKinley. The official spelling is one thing and the popular spelling another, and often a much more powerful thing. There will be conservatives enough who will insist that Puerto Rico it was, is and shall be. It is a little vexing for grown-up persons who used to blubber bitterly in acquiring, after a fashion, the art of spelling to find out from day to day that they must unlearn so much of what they learned so laboriously. But as to "Puerto Rico," politeness seconds the revised orthography. The Americans can afford to spell it as the Puerto Ricans do.

The experiment of the Navy Department in trying to convert several hundred western farmhands and ranchmen into sailors will be watched with interest; but if this department has had great difficulty, as is asserted, in securing recruits along the Atlantic coast, why did it not exploit the numerous port towns on the great lakes? Here is a vast nursery of hardy sailors who would require scarcely any training to fit them for duty on the high seas. Better material for the navy can be found nowhere. Still it is worth while to see what sort of sailors these western landmen may make. With so many new war vessels in process of construction it is desirable that there should be ample material on which to draw for naval recruits.

WOMAN'S PROBLEMS.

When breakfast things are cleared away,
The same old problem's rising,
For she again sits down to think
Of something appetizing.
The dinner she must soon prepare,
Or give the cook directions,
And great is the relief she feels
When she has made selections.

When dinner things are cleared away,
The problem that is upper
Is just the same with one word changed—
"What can I get for supper?"
She wants to give them something new,
And long is meditation,
Till choice is made, and then begins
The work of preparation.

When supper things are cleared away,
Again her mind is worried,
For then she thinks of breakfast time,
When meals are often hurried.
She ponders o'er it long until
The question is decided,
Then bustles to the store she makes sure
That everything's provided.

That "woman's work is never done"
Has often been disputed,
But that she's worried is a fact,
And cannot be refuted.
The worry over what to eat!
Is greatest of these questions,
And glad she'd be if some one else
Would make the meal suggestions.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

REMORSE.

How many cheeks are daily wet
With tears that spring from old regret;
How like a taunt unto our ears
Come far across the waste of years
Remembrances of cruel speech,
That swiftly went beyond our reach,
Inflicting wounds such as no art
Could ever make the pain depart;
And not alone the words we said,
Come haunting like the ghostly dead—
The gentle speech, the loving word,
That were by us too long deferred—
Oh! how their cheerless echoes roll
Along the chambers of the soul;
Oh! what a world we'd give if we
Had lived with larger charity,
And had with open hearts expressed
Our love to those we loved the best;
If we could break these prison bars
And press far up beyond the stars,
Far, far above, to place unknown,
Where spirits of the dead are flown,
Would we not seek our loved ones' side,
And, casting old reserve aside,

Tell all we ever meant to say
Before they went their lonely way;
Oh! surely fools are we and worse,
To add unto our primal curse,
Remembrances of cruel speech,
The love that in our hearts we feel,
Like rivers running to the sea,
Remorse's stream flows ceaselessly.
Not like the cooling waters flow,
That gladden whosoever they go,
But like the lava streams that pour
From mountain tops to ocean's shore,
Turning the region where men dwell
Into the counterpart of hell.
Thus, thus it is remorse doth run
In endless stream from sire to son,
Leaving its black and deadly trace
On every soul of all our race.
O God in heaven, make us bear,
Like heroes here, our load of care,
And, most of all, we thee beseech,
Grant us the use of gentle speech,
So that remorse and her dark road
Shall starve and die for lack of food.
—S. C. I.

A FIFTY-MILE SLIDE.



PROBABLY few of the boy and girl readers of this paper have not enjoyed the delights of coasting. But what would they say to a slide down a hill more than fifty miles long? Twice a month, during the summer I spent at some sawmills away up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, I used to enjoy such a ride. It was like sliding down a spider's web, for the hill was neither more nor less than a flume, down which the lumber was shot from the mountains to the railroad in the Sacramento valley, about six thousand feet below, and fifty-four miles long, from the mills to the lumber-yards of the company which owned the whole plant.

I shall never forget my first ride. I was telegraph operator, bookkeeper and a kind of superintendent at the mills of the Chico division of the company, with my headquarters at the Belmont Mill. One day I was ordered, by telegraph, to come down the flume that afternoon, as soon as the men got through shipping the lumber, to meet the manager, who wished to consult about some large order we were putting out. It was my duty to obey, and I prepared to do so.

The flume is a V-shaped trough, nearly two feet deep, which is set upon timbers and trestle-work, and extending along the sides of the canon, through which Little Child Creek finds its way from the high Sierras to the Sacramento valley.

The boat, as it is called, is simply a V-shaped box, twelve feet long, open at the front and closed at the rear end. Three strips of board are nailed across, about four inches from the top. Boards are laid on these strips, and the boatman, or coaster, takes his seat on these boards, near the front end of the box.

I knew nothing of the real dangers of the trip, or I should not have started on such a journey without an experienced hand to accompany me, but after that run I thought I had enough experience to warrant subsequent ventures on my own responsibility.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I went down to the mill-yard and found everything ready for my departure. My boat was lying across the top of the flume, and half a dozen lumber-shippers were waiting to launch it and start me off on my long slide. I had seen others start on similar trips, and therefore did not betray my greenness to the men as I stepped on board the craft, after it had been placed in the flume. The grade at the starting-point was easy, and as the feed-gates were partly closed, there was not much water running in the flume; so I started slowly when the men let go of the boat. The foreman of the mill, who was directing the men, walked along by my side for a few yards, just long enough to give me this warning:

"Look out, sir, before you start down the big grade. We've been shipping some big timbers this afternoon, and they are apt to jump the flume, or to get jammed. Ask the tender at the top of the big grade if they have gone by all right. Now I'll go and let in some more water."

He turned and left me and in a few minutes I felt the rear end of my boat rise, and it shot forward at a decidedly more rapid rate.

About half a mile farther down I passed the lower mill, where another feeder gave a still larger volume of water. Then the steepness of the grade began to increase, and I knew I was coming to the head of what was called the "Cape Horn grade." I was fairly in the canon now, and the flume could be seen for nearly half a mile ahead, strung along the side of the perpendicular cliffs which towered above it, on the right, fully a hundred feet.

On the left, or outer side of the flume, was a chasm two or three hundred feet deep, at the bottom of which the creek went tumbling and roaring

among the rocks and boulders. The grade grew steeper and steeper; there was no stopping now till the foot of it was reached. Any obstruction in the flume meant an upset and a horrible death on the rocks below.

Faster and faster the boat flew along, and almost before I had time to wonder whether the flume was clear beyond the bend, we dashed around the corner, the box rubbing and grinding against the outside edge of the flume, the stern riding high in the air and hanging far out over the canon.

A hasty glance ahead reassured me. The flume was clear throughout the mile of it through which the eye could follow and, as I had learned, nearly to the foot of the grade. With a sigh of relief I settled back and began to enjoy my ride.

First I noticed that my progress was not in one continuous swift flight, like that of a sled, but in a succession of wild rushes. The boat, or box, would run faster than the stream till the water backed up in the space under the boards on which I sat. Then it would check and settle, till it seemed almost to touch the bottom of the flume. Then the hurrying stream of water behind would force itself underneath, lift the stern and send the craft with a wild, dizzying rush down the slope till another check came. It was like sailing through the air. Above me, on one side, towered the cliff. On the other I looked down into the depths of the canon, and could see the birds darting about far below me. The stillness was almost oppressive. There were few song-birds in California, and the only sounds which came to my ears were the subdued roar of the creek in its rocky bed far below, the rushing sound of the water in the flume, and the low murmur of the pines, which covered the mountains all around me.

But now I was coming to the head of the "big grade," about which the foreman had warned me. I sat erect, for I had been half reclining in my boat, and looked anxiously ahead. The grade is about four miles in length, and only a short half mile of it is visible from the flume-tender's station at the top.

Frank Horn, the tender, was standing on the platform in front of his little cabin as I glided by. He assured me the big timbers had all gone by safely and the flume was clear.

"Then give me a full head of water," I called out; "I'm in a hurry." He turned and ran toward the gate which admitted the water from a feeder into the flume. I did not turn to see whether he obeyed my order, for I was now fairly started down the "big grade."

It is well named. It seemed to me that the narrow ribbon of water was running down a slope of fully forty degrees. Before I had gone a hundred yards the velocity of my boat had grown to be something appalling.

I pulled my hat down over my ears and sat crouched as low as I could in the bow of the boat. The wind whistled as the boat flew down the slope, rocking and swaying and grinding against the sides of the flume as if trying to leap out into the canon below. Almost before I could realize it we shot around a projecting point of the cliff, and then I had a clear view of the flume for more than a mile. My eyes rapidly ran over its length, and at the first glance it seemed all clear. I had risen to my knees to get a better view, and was just settling back when, far down the slope, I caught a gleam of yellow light, which seemed to spring from the cliff and stretch across the flume, out over the canon. I realized in an instant what it was, and what it meant to me.

One of the large timbers had jumped from the flume, where it swept around a hollow in the cliff. The end had been thrust by the force of its momentum into a spot of shallow soil and it had stuck there.

Just then I heard a rushing sound behind me. The "full head" of water I had called for was coming. The next moment I felt the rear end of the boat rise; it swung out over the edge of the flume till for a moment I thought it would plunge over the side

down to the depths of the canon. Then the boat seemed to jump forward like a frightened steed. The speed was frightful; away went my hat, but I did not notice it then. My attention was concentrated on that yellow streak lying across my path far down the slope.

If the timber were not too near the top of the flume I might lie down in the boat and pass in safety. That was my only chance. It was impossible to stop the boat on such a grade, even with a moderate head of water; but with such a torrent as was bearing me on, it was worse than useless to try.

In my anxiety and terror—for I must admit I was thoroughly frightened—I had risen to my feet to get a better view of the dangerous spot. It was now close at hand and I saw that there was no hope for me. The big timber nearly touched the top of the flume at one side, but its outward end was down and the other end tilted up. The boat might pass under, but anything resting on the boards on which I stood would be swept off and sent whirling down on the rocks, two hundred feet below.

I felt that the end had come. I remember wondering dimly how long it would be before they would find my body, and when and how my mother would hear the news. I felt a vague feeling of pity for her. I did not seem to think of myself; I seemed to be a thing of the past. Practically I was, in my own eyes, a dead man, and still I had not given up hope, for every faculty was on the alert, ready to seize on anything which might offer a chance to escape. It was the instinctive physical fight for life of a man trained in athletic sports, with every muscle under perfect control and ready to obey the order of the brain.

While these thoughts were flitting through my mind—and they could not have occupied more than a few seconds—the boat reached the timber and shot under it. Involuntarily I jumped over the big stick, landing safely in the boat on the other side, like a circus-rider jumping over a banner.

Then my nerves took their revenge for the strain they had been under for the long period of about a minute and a half. My trembling knees gave way and I sank down onto the boards and burst into a wild peal of laughter, which I seemed to be unable to check until long after I had passed the section-house at the foot of the grade. The flume-tender who saw me go by told me afterward that he thought I was a crazy man.

From that point down to Chico it was all plain sailing, and by the time I had finished my long slide down-hill, my nerves had renewed their tone, and I was able to telegraph back to the flume men to remove the dangerous timber. But I never after that followed big timber down a flume. I had received my lesson.—Youth's Companion.

PRECIOUS METALS IN THE ARTS.

Enormous Quantities Consumed in the Various Industries.

It is easy to ascertain how much gold and silver are absorbed in the coinage of the various nations, but the most careful estimates as to the quantities of these metals used in the arts and industries are only approximate. Statisticians in the Treasury Department of the French Government recently undertook the considerable task of compiling the best information on this subject, and the figures they have reached are probably as accurate as any that have yet been published.

Most of the gold used in the arts is for ornamentation, though it is also employed to a large extent for the most practical purposes, as in dentistry. It is doubtful if even jewelry consumes a larger quantity of gold than some other ways in which it is used. The consumption for gilding alone is very large. The films of gold leaf are very thin, but enormous numbers of them are applied to a considerable variety of manufactures, such as signs, jewelry, books, frames, furniture, pottery and other articles, and the aggregate value of the gold thus used is very large. The consumption of gold for gilding has considerably increased since electro-gilding came into vogue, but because more gilding is done and also because the new process wastes a considerable quantity of the metal. According to the French figures the United States consumes in the arts about thirty-one thousand pounds of gold in a year, which amounts in value to \$10,000,000 in round numbers. France, however, with her preeminent manufactures of jewelry and other articles of luxury, heads the list with an annual consumption of about thirty-five thousand and two hundred pounds a year. Great Britain also surpasses the United States with 34,100 pounds, Germany consumes 29,040 pounds, Switzerland 18,900, Italy 11,000, Russia 9,000, Austria-Hungary 6,175, and Belgium and Holland 6,820.

Perhaps one reason why the United States consumes in the arts a good deal more silver than any other country is because photography here, with its amateur branch, is far more extensively in use than in any other land. The chief industrial uses of silver are for solid silver plate and silver plating, mountings for harnesses and other ornamentation, and photography. The silver industries in the United States consume over five hundred and fifty-five thousand pounds a year, Germany and France about three hundred and thirty thousand pounds each, Russia 209,000 and Great Britain 208,000.—New York Sun.

An Emperor's Magnificent Crown.

The Austrian Emperor's crown was recently photographed in order to correct imperfect representations of it on coins and official documents. The crown is regarded as one of the finest works of European goldsmiths. The material alone is worth \$500,000.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Foiled Again—Getting at the Facts—There Are Two Kinds—Technique—Comparative—Passed Along—Linked Rhyme—An Important Matter, Etc., Etc.

"Fair maid," quoth he,
"How nice 'twould be
If you'd consent to fly with me."
"Young man," said she,
"Such things can't be,
You really are too fly for me."
—Chicago Daily News.

Getting at the Facts.
"Is that your offspring, madam?" asked the Missouri judge.
"Naw," replied the elderly female, "he's my eldest young 'un."

There Are Two Kinds.
"See my lovely new oriental screen."
"Yes. Is it one that folds when you don't want it to or one that won't fold when you do want it to?"

Technique.
"Can that young man really sing high C?"
"No," answered Miss Cayenne, "he can't sing it; he can merely holler it."

Comparative.
"Waiter, this steak is badly burned."
"Yes, sir; but you hadn't oughter make a fuss, sir; that man over there's got one broiled to a crisp, sir."—Detroit Free Press.

Passed Along.
Young Man—"Will you be my wife?"
Young Woman—"I am sorry to say I am engaged myself, but you will like my sister just as well."—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

Linked Rhyme.
Askit—"What's Harduppe doing now?"
Hawkins—"Writing poetry for sausage manufactory advs."

Askit—"Dear me! I never thought he would get down to doggerel."—New York Press.

An Important Matter.
"Elizabeth scared us all nearly to death by sending back a telegram."
"Ead she forgotten something?"
"No; she wired us not to eat all the apple-butter while she was gone."

Great Consideration Shown.



Mamma Bug—"Hey, you, Johnnie, what are you walking on that mush room for, with your dirty feet? Don't you know that people eat them?"—Life.

Didn't Get Him.
"She became engaged while she was abroad, I believe."
"Yes; to a count."
"And she is a countess now?"
"No; she is count-less now."

Reason For Interest.
"Americans are taking a deep interest in the Czar's suggestion for the disarmament of Europe."
"True; our manufacturers would like the contract for beating the European swords into plowshares."
—Judge.

Knowledge Not Always Power.
"Intellect does not amount to anything."

"What do you mean, Minerva?"
"The most intellectual woman in the world can be squelched in three seconds by a dressmaker."—Indianapolis Journal.

Hit the Mark, Too.
"The evidence," said the judge, "shows that you threw a stone at this man."
"Sure," replied Mrs. O'Hoolihan, "an' the looks av the man shows more than that, yer honor. It shows that Oi hit him."—Chicago News.

The Unfinished Book.
"Did you ever begin a book and not finish it?" asked Miss Tempest of Mr. Trotter.

"I do that regularly once a year, Miss Tempest," replied Mr. Trotter. "Once a year! How very curious!"
"And it is always the same book."
"That is more curious still. What book is it?"
"A diary."—Harper's Bazar.

Modern Conveniences.
"You used to say that everything was so compact and convenient in a flat!" said the caller in a tone of surprise.

"Yes," answered the hostess, "I used to be able to find a place for everything. But it's different now. I do so hope some one will be able to invent an automobile that you can fold up when you want to put it away."

The Selfish Man.
"No, mamma," sobbed the unhappy young wife, "George doesn't love me. I found it out last night."
"Oh, my poor child," the mother exclaimed, "what has happened?"
"Ah, I see it all! You found a letter in his pocket!"
"It wasn't that," the miserable young woman answered. "He came home and told me that he had had his life insured."

"Well, if he really loved me, wouldn't he have had mine insured instead of selfishly going and having all this protection put upon himself?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

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